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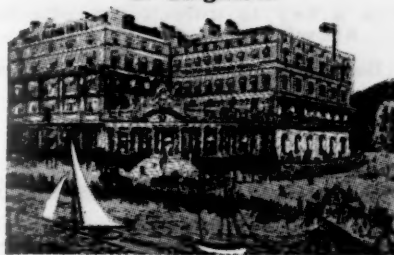
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NEXT WEEK will appear in THE ACADEMY

The Twenty-first of a Series of
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BY CARNEADES, Junior.

ADDRESSED TO
Mr. CHARLES GARVICE.

PREVIOUS LETTERS:

No. 1. Mr. Hall Caine (April 11). No. 2. Miss Marie Corelli (April 18). No. 3. Mr. Arnold Bennett (April 25). No. 4. Mr. H. G. Wells (May 2). No. 5. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (May 9). No. 6. Sir Rider Haggard (May 16). No. 7. Mr. Henry James (May 23). No. 8. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (May 30). No. 9. Mr. Thomas Hardy (June 6). No. 10. Mr. A. C. Benson (June 13). No. 11. Sir Gilbert Parker (June 20). No. 12. Viscount Morley (June 27). No. 13. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (July 4). No. 14. Mr. Archibald Marshall (July 11). No. 15. Mr. A. E. W. Mason (July 18). No. 16. Mr. E. Temple Thurston (July 25). No. 17. Mr. Maurice Hewlett (August 1). No. 18. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim (August 8). No. 19. Mr. Norman Angell (August 15).

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Notes of the Week

AT times of general strain such as the present there is always a tendency, among the least thoughtful of the community, to exaggeration and violence of language. This frequently manifests itself in the coining of catchy phrases, which, by their superficial aptness or humour, spread through the speech of the populace with the speed of an epidemic. Of such a category is the abuse of the Kaiser as "the Mad Dog of Europe" by a certain section of the Press. In spite of rumours, it is still very doubtful whether the Kaiser is really primarily responsible for the international conflict. Those whose experience and knowledge entitle their words to attention hold the opinion that the War Party and the Crown Prince made it inevitable. In any case, Germany's position was an extremely difficult one, and in fairness—a quality which is liable to be strained when sudden hatreds are roused in the individual and collective mind—her policy should be received without wholesale and thoughtless condemnation, however mistaken, in our judgment, it may be.

In considering aspects of the present conflict not purely military, the appearance of the daily papers and most of the weekly reviews seems to demand attention. The idea seems to be that as a nation we desire to read

nothing but war rumours and reports, articles on fleets, armies, and ammunition, and statistics of forces opposed to one another. We venture to think that this method of totally reversing the ordinary procedure is wrong. No doubt at the moment we are all interested in military matters and naval affairs more ardently than is usual, but not, certainly, to the exclusion of literature, art, music and the gentler occupations of peace altogether. The man who loved music loves it still; the man who was devoted to art does not lessen his devotion, though for a while it may be overpowered by sterner things. One would imagine, from the general tone, that all these interests had sunk, never to rise again; and this, we believe, is calculated to tire many and to alarm others. We may still go about our business, still indulge, to a reasonable degree, our tastes and inclinations; we are not yet quite demoralised. With visions of an imminent invasion there might well be cause for a general set-back in these matters; but as the days go by, that horror of fevered imaginations becomes more dim, and the more we "carry on" the normal methods in regard to amusements and the arts—with the inevitable limitations—the more satisfactory will be our recovery when the spectre of battle is laid.

It has been a week of exciting turns in the great world drama now in course of development. The war, state by state, is gradually enveloping Europe and threatens to spread to Asia. Japan has given Germany notice to quit Kiao Chow—a move on the part of our Far Eastern Ally which occasions well-understood concern in the United States; doubtless it has only been made after due consultation with Great Britain. Whilst Japan is obviously prepared to "cut in," the Tsar has made a sensational bid for Polish support by offering, if success attends his arms, to reunite Poland under autonomous conditions—Home Rule, in fact, qualified only by the overlordship and protection of Russia. Then, at last, there is the lifting of the veil as to the British Expeditionary Force. News of its landing in France was officially published late on Monday night. In the transference of this army across the Channel without a single casualty the country has a fine object-lesson in the meaning of sea power—an object-lesson more eloquent even than the free passage of so many merchant ships to our ports, enabling business to be conducted with a minimum of loss and inconvenience.

The great battle is probably in progress as we write. French and German forces have been in touch in Belgium for some days, and there has been at least one smart action at Dinant. Germany has apparently lost ground. So far as can be gathered, the Belgians, though they have transferred the Government to Antwerp, have held their own on the Meuse, and, now that French and British troops are available, it is hardly likely the Germans will make headway over ground

where the Belgians alone have held them in check. To the South the French have undoubtedly pushed the Germans back, and are in possession of a considerable part of Alsace-Lorraine. Reports of British reverses, now officially contradicted, were absurd on the face of them; the British had not had time to reach the field of active operations; nor has there been any serious affair at sea, though the official bureau admits that a "certain liveliness" has become manifest.

What is a Public School, and what is a University? The necessity for a definition of these two institutions seems urgent in the face of a discussion which is agitating the spirits of some members of the excellent Cavendish Association. It will be remembered that this Association was founded with the high and noble purpose of enrolling members of the Public Schools and of the Universities, and binding them under a pledge to do, each in his own sphere, something for the good of his country and fellow-countrymen. The kind of work to be undertaken was not too closely specified: it might be in connection with the defence of the country, in education, in working among the poor, or in bringing knowledge to the ignorant; and it is to be hoped that it will prove a great success. Such workers as the disinterested members of our educated classes would do much to break down the caste-feeling, or rather the bad side of caste-feeling, which has been prevalent. Unfortunately the question has arisen in some of the centres where committees have been formed, as to the Schools which may properly be called "Public," and as to what institutions may properly claim the title of "University." The idea seems to be that some provincial committees have been inclined to restrict unduly the name of Public School to certain old and renowned foundations. It seems a pity not to embrace in the scheme efficient Schools and Colleges which may not indeed boast of as great antiquity as Winchester and Eton, but which still are turning out year by year a number of scholars not less educated and not less patriotic than those of our ancient foundations. We learn to our regret that in some cases the feeling on this subject has been so strong as to lead to a disruption of the local committee. Could not a central representative committee of delegates from our larger Foundation Schools and our Universities, both the older and the newer ones, be formed to settle definitely the sources from which members may be recruited for the fine purpose of serving their country?

We are asked by the Mayor of Holborn to state that the following Registers have been opened at the Municipal Offices, 197 and 199, High Holborn: A Register of all men willing to serve as Special Constables; of all ladies willing, now or later, to serve as Nurses at home or abroad; and of all persons willing to assist their country, setting forth the direction in which they are prepared to assist.

Watchman, What of the Night?

I chanced that a few nights ago I was strolling—nescio quid meditans—in the glorious moonlight along the streets of the armed city, when I suddenly glanced up and saw before me the magnificent structure of the ancient minster. In a flash the thought came to me that the Cathedral was symbolic of the nation in whose proud city of the north it stands firm and imposing as a rock of ages—typical of the history of the race who conceived it and who have conserved it. The thought sped through my mind, can a nation in which such a glory exists be indifferent to its traditions or unfaithful to its destiny? and it came to me to realise in my mind the patriotic obligation, the love of country, the pride of race, which speaks from stones such as these to those who are the temporary custodians of both.

Again, I thought how poor in contrast is the country whose history is but of yesterday, whose patriotism springs forth as it were from the germinations of the annual seed. It struck as it has never struck me before that a great and worthy purpose and not mere love of ostentation has prompted our American kinsmen to acquire such landmarks of the history of the past from the country with whom they are kith to transport to the young land which, it may be, will be stimulated and ennobled by the record of age and glory indelibly stamped on the treasures which they acquire.

What sort of Briton, or even relation of Briton, I reflected, could have stood as I stood at the porch of York Minster on a night such as I have described, and conceived for a moment the thought of being untrue to his heritage or a craven to his duty.

There is, and there must always have been, a vivid perception of the influence of noble structures upon national life and character, upon religion and morals. The Temple at Jerusalem, the Acropolis of Athens, the Vatican at Rome, the Pyramids of Egypt, the glories of Carthage, the rude stones of the Druids, all had a meaning and were intended to convey a lesson. That the meaning of the lesson was again and again missed may have been a factor in the downfall of those whose intelligence should have interpreted it aright.

If I am not mistaken, the noble monuments in this country are not the least potent influence which cements our Colonies to us. The Colonial reads in them the credentials of a stability and the stateliness of a patriotism which have prevailed to enable a small nation to develop into the mighty empire which has no equal in the world, or in the world's history.

The influence of that Empire has been strenuously used to preserve in Europe a just and honourable peace; the monuments of its history now point to the path which honour and duty can alone endorse. The nation which would grind Europe beneath the heel of militarism, although possessed of splendid landmarks of its own, has forgotten or ignored the special significance and message of the monuments of Britain. The message is to war down tyranny and to preserve freedom.

CECIL COWPER.

Army and Territorial Merits

WITH the landing of the British Expeditionary Force in France and the high encomiums passed on a splendid body of men by newspaper correspondent and French observer alike, it may be hoped that we shall hear a little more of the Regular Army than has been the case since war was declared. The secrecy necessary as to the movements of men destined for service on the Continent no doubt to some extent accounts for what has appeared to be the rather invidious distinction made by the daily Press in dealing with the military Services. It is impossible to believe that there can be any desire to ignore other branches and bestow all adulation on the Territorial Force. That, however, has seemed to be the tendency during these past ten days, and we can only hope that it is merely one of the conditions which circumstances have rendered imperative. It would be extremely unfortunate if the silence of the Press as to the doings of the Regular Army were to give the impression that the essential arm is the Territorial. Its weaknesses and deficiencies are only too familiar to all who have studied the military problem in the past year or two, and none know better than the officers of the Territorials themselves that they need much to bring them up to the level of the Regular Army.

The Territorials may prove themselves worthy of public gratitude and of fullest public recognition; we believe they will, as the British fighting man, whether Regular or Volunteer, always has done. But we must not overlook the fact that the force is in the probationary stage. It is injudicious and cannot be of benefit either to the public or the Territorials themselves to cover them with too much praise. If there were any deliberate purpose on the part of the daily Press to exalt an untried body and neglect the Regular Forces, the tendency to which we have referred could not be more pronounced. In certain districts, little Peddling-ton for example, the rush of the Territorials to take their place in the Home Defence Force has carried the local reporter off his feet with enthusiasm, and the Regular who reads the papers may have been induced to feel that the professional soldier is regarded as a mere mercenary who, in a national crisis, was only going about the work for which he is paid, just as a clerk goes to his desk or a chauffeur to his wheel.

The idea is so preposterous that it need only be mentioned to be scouted and disavowed. Britons have never been lacking in appreciation of Tommy Atkins and his officers. Particularly should they be proud of the old Militia, which under its new name of the Special Reserve may not at first be recognised. The Militia force is part of the history of England, of England's Empire and England's liberty; its traditions are full of glory; it volunteered as a matter of course for service abroad, and it has added lustre to the national escutcheon. Where would English arms have been in the Seven Years' War, the Napoleon Wars, the Crimea, the South African War, without the loyal

and eager devotion of the Militia who rallied at the first sign of danger? To-day the Special Reserve is liable for service abroad in the terms of enlistment, and it must be a little disheartening to the men who have lost not a moment in reporting themselves to find that there is no word of recognition in the columns of the daily Press. Where the Militia used to volunteer to a man for service beyond the seas, only some 30 to 40 per cent. of the Territorials have done so. This is not said in criticism of the Territorials so much as in eulogy of the old force. The fact is one which ought not to be overlooked in a crisis like the present.

The truth, however, is this is no time to single out any of the national forces for special commendation; we have seen how the Navy was ready and even straining at the leash; we have evidence of the ability of the Army to take the field at a moment's notice; we may have seen, if we have kept our eyes open, the stream to local stations of National Reserve men anxious to get themselves into uniform once again, and we know that the Territorials are desirous to be turned into the real soldiers which a few weeks of the hard conditions of campaigning will doubtless make of them. We have no desire to reflect in any way on the Territorials; their lack of experience is not their fault; and, given the chance, in due time we believe that they will justify their sobriquet of Terriers. Our only object is to suggest that the constant puffing and adulation of the Territorials in the Press, as though they were the people who count most in our defences, may work incalculable mischief by doing a deadly wrong to the historic branches of our military forces.

Anomaly

WHEN the rich rose is blown,
The comely bee
Is ready with her own
Sweet husbandry;

And never Summer calls
In vain the swallow,
Or the dusk evening falls,
But the stars follow.

Beasts, when the brook is near,
Seek it, and find;
When green leaf turns to sere,
Hastens the wind.

We, only, wait our dream—
And wait indeed;
Then, when it calls us, seem
Too deaf to heed.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

XX.—TO MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

SIR,—There was a time when I was rather concerned about your future. You showed distinct signs in your early work of that appalling precocity that only comes out of Balliol. You did not merely write; you Wrote. You were going to be an Author, and I had horrid visions of a very self-conscious writing-table covered with a beautiful assortment of unnecessary implements. It seemed to me that it was rather like the golf-bag of the usual beginner, containing two of everything with three putters, one of them a patent. Honestly, your "Country House" worried me a good deal. I could have stayed in the house, but I never could have met the people. They were too obviously drawn from an imagination which believed itself to be sincerely attracted towards Socialism. If it had been genuine Socialism—well, all sensible people would have been sorry; but your sincerity would, at any rate, have earned their respect. It was, however, what is known as Eton Socialism, that very glossy, glib, perfectly well-dressed thing which goes first class to Oxford, is driven to the House or Balliol, and presently passes into the Union; otherwise, the book had very great promise. It was smooth—a little too smooth—well constructed, and contained a very nice touch of satirical humour. What it lacked was movement, clash of temperament, anything like genuine passion and emotion and everything that goes to make a novel great. I mean by this last sweeping statement that you, the writer, were not human. You were a self-appointed god, reshaping humanity in the manner of a don and making no allowances for Nature, which you evidently then disliked. This peculiar fault, this high-chinned indifference to the one great weakness which makes the world move rightly on—love—has been the characteristic of much of your other work. You have been, my dear sir, a very Superior Person. The critics have, of course, been bluffed by you. Being as they are it is natural that they should be awed by a man whose work proves a knowledge and appreciation of the classics, and, until quite recently, it has been considered smart to profess sympathy with everything that is the antithesis of law and order—especially if it calls itself Fabianism.

Then you wrote "Strife," and people said: "Hats off to Galsworthy." In that epoch-making play of yours you ceased for the first time to pose as the Don. You descended the worn oak stairway from your aloof and erudite rooms and came out into life. Without condescension, losing all self-consciousness, you became a human being. It was a glad day. It is written in history to your credit that you did things with that play. You altered and improved not only yourself, but an existing evil. And from that time onwards you have ceased to be Dr. Galsworthy.

It was, however, in "The Patrician" that you showed your first blessed sign of weakness. I have no words with which to describe to you my admiration for this, to my mind, perfect novel. The way in which you made that sensitive, self-conscious man fall in love with the charming woman who was a mystery to her neighbours showed that Anno Domini had affected you at last. You had become weak. That is to say, you had become human. You were a man and not a person. I do not think I have ever read any book in any language that appealed to me so much or seemed so essentially true, or bore the marks of such wide sympathy as "The Patrician." You dealt with more or less the same people as you had used in "A Country House," but this time they were all alive. You were no longer standing behind them and driving them forward with your Fabian whip. You were, in fact, no longer the author. Experience, a wider field of view, the tolerance that comes from suffering, had made you, as it makes every writer worth his salt, a reporter. The people you brought together in "The Patrician" did what they had to do and said what they had to say without knowing of your existence; and you, humbly enough, recorded their actions and their words, but with a pen so mellow and an understanding so acute, and an appreciation of the Great Comedy so fine, that the book must take its place among the few that will live.

Up to this time you had not made a very wide appeal. The name of Galsworthy was caviare to the general just as it was caviare to the particular. You were read by every discriminating person and your plays had won for you the foremost place among the members of the New School. Even Granville Barker rolled your name with relish over his tongue, although, of course, he could have vastly improved your work if you had permitted him to do so. I dare say that you enjoyed many hearty laughs about this period, although I am certain that you saved them until you were alone.

You had arrived at that enviable stage of recognition when a man's Christian name is forgotten and a ridiculous prefix such as is bought, forced upon, or greatly sought after by manufacturers or sellers of soap, whisky, tea, and feuilletons had not been chosen for you. And while an increasing number of people were asking themselves and each other, "Who is Galsworthy, and what is he like?" you were spending your days in the country, watching birds and flowers, listening to the breeze and reading the stars, studying the busy bee and the lengthening shadows, and, thank Heaven, writing a book so much better than "The Patrician" that it will be its closest rival on the book-shelf which belongs to posterity. This is "A Dark Flower."

It is a wonderful book—painful in its truth, painful in its beauty, alive with emotion, all throbbing with passion. There is nothing sad about it any more than there is anything sad about all that which is right and true. It would have been almost unholy had the boy

fallen really in love with the Don's unsatisfied wife. In the same way, how deeply we should all have regretted it if the boy—for he was still a boy, though in the forties—had broken into the life of the little girl to whom love was still a statue. The whole thing is treated with a delicacy so perfect and an observation so exact that the story remains in the mind like an accident or an operation or a love affair. With an infinite sense of poetic justice you punish the man who has once had everything his own way, and you make Youth so kingly and so all-conquering that the last chapters of your book cannot be read by any man in the middle of his life without a deep sigh.

Go on, my dear Galsworthy. Give us more. We need it. You are on the right lines now, because no work can be great which is not imbued with the right appreciation and representation of that which, Bernard Shaw notwithstanding, remains the everlasting force of life.

Yours ever,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Peace and War at the Frontier

ON Monday, August 3, I was sitting in the white-walled square of the French frontier village of Jougne. The sun was blazing down. Every now and then an elegantly attired woman stepped out of her house with the long, stiff broom common in central France, or carried a bucket to the village well. From time to time the deputy mayor and a French soldier would emerge from the "Mairie" or town hall with a refugee to whom passes over the French frontier had been granted or refused. Once I heard the sound of cow-bells growing louder and louder as the herd passed through the town, and then becoming fainter and fainter as they wandered down the great open valley between the pine-clad Jura mountains. Then an old man would totter down the street, or a knot of two or three women gather with me outside the inn. Nominally they came to discuss the prospect of finding a vehicle to carry me homewards, but in reality to relieve the unendurable monotony of being left alone in an isolated village without news in time of war. The place was quiet as a grave. I gave a start every time the great church clock struck. Once I looked inside the church. It was empty save for the single motionless figure of a woman praying. On and on I sat in the drowsy heat of the afternoon, vainly waiting for the motor that never came.

Nothing happened. Nothing could happen, except a riot of women to protest in the name of motherhood against the murderous crime of war. The men had gone. The horses had gone. Every conveyance, every ox in the place had been requisitioned for the war. I could not even have bought a donkey to convey the baggage I dared not leave behind, even if I had wanted

to walk the nineteen kilometres to Pontarlier. And the women of France understand this war. They will not riot. Their hearts may bleed, but their sons go forward; for they fear the misery of Rachel weeping for her children less than the inexorable tyranny of Prussian autocracy. I had seen that in Paris, on the previous Saturday, when women, immediately after the order for mobilisation, headed the demonstrating crowds that flocked through the street waving flags and singing the Marseillaise. I had seen it more clearly in the faces of women saying good-bye to husbands and brothers on the platform of the Gare de Lyon, and yet more clearly still in the agonised looks of that small knot of relatives who watched two young French reservists start for the frontier by the last train on the eve of Swiss mobilisation.

There is no peace party in France; at least, it would need a microscope to find it. It is life or death for France and every soldier knows it. He remembers Alsace, and foresees the alternative to defeat. In one village I had met a middle-aged man tortured with rheumatism. He could hardly move, but he told me he would be at the front in a week. The doctor gave him no hope, but doctor or no doctor he vowed he was going. "What does it matter where I die?" he said. "I only pray *le bon Dieu* to let me see Strasburg Cathedral." Trains garlanded from end to end show the spirit with which the French soldier is going to this war, and "Guillaume's" left ear must burn furiously if the conversations in the cafés have any potency. Not that there is any bragging, but France still writhes under the humiliation of 1870, and every man believes "*le jour est arrivé*." These soldiers know the kind of war they are going to, and yet they are glad. They will have to be beaten to their knees before they resign themselves to the thought of leaving Alsace-Lorraine under the dominion of Germany.

There are sad sights in France to-day. There is not a young or middle-aged man to be found in village after village—only women whose drawn faces show what they are suffering, and old men who tell of wounds and curse their age. Perhaps even more pathetic is the sight of the land. I have passed through miles and miles of wheat and barley, apparently limitless acres of ripe grain only waiting for the reaper. Nature has been bountiful, but by no human possibility can these crops be garnered in time, and already the rain is beginning to beat them down. Nature has no place for Potsdam war-mongers in her scheme of things, and unless mighty aid comes from across the seas famine will stalk abroad.

So I reflected as I sat in the lonely silence of that hot afternoon. The day went drowsily by, and the next morning at six o'clock a char-à-bois or tree-carrying wagon from the hills quietly conveyed me to the warm haven of Pontarlier. Within a week of that afternoon, only sixty miles away, war was raging. France had gathered the first fruits of her sacrifice in the fields of Altkirch and Mülhausen, and the redemption of Alsace had begun.

MAX PLOWMAN.

France of Other Days*

SUCH a book as the present places before us, with a peculiar intensity, the victorious realm of Louis XIV, of which we have so often read, in juxtaposition with the brilliant, warm-hearted, yet cool-headed France of to-day as we know it. Two hundred and fifty years is not a great span in the long history of mankind, and yet this period in France has wrought a hundred transformations. Perhaps we may be allowed to state this obvious truth, for, notwithstanding the changes Time has brought about, the foreigners' view of French life has still some tincture extracted from the supreme elegance, the festivity and the unconsidered cruelty of the most famous Bourbon King.

In a recent review of a work by Madame Waddington we quoted her observation that in the seventies of the last century there were plenty of country folk, subjects of the Republic, who believed that they were still living under the old régime. Although that has all changed in the last forty years, the faint perfume of the grand days of the Bourbons hangs about our mental picture of the France of to-day. But such a history as that which the lady who writes as Claude Ferval tells of the beautiful and unfortunate Louise de la Vallière disposes of this romantic aroma and paints again, and with more delicate, yet naturalistic, colouring, the sadness which is the complement of tender love, the bitterness and self-sacrifice which are the only guerdons grandeur gives to her devoted slaves.

The story of Louise is well known and, but for the purity of her emotional nature, it is that of many other women of many periods. Here, however, it is told with an overwhelming grace and charm. As Jean Richepin says in effect in his short prefatory note, the book is alert, animated, fed on facts, quivering with feeling, with understanding, with suffering, wet with tears, shaken with the ecstasies of tender emotion which deeply touch the heart of the reader and, one may add, affect with equal power the intelligence of the critics, who had perhaps thought themselves satiated with the memoirs and memories of those who have gained and lost the love of Princes. The account of Louise as here given, however, is a very beautiful and different affair from many books dealing with the loves of an admired and voluptuous monarch.

The first part is simply the romantic love tale of a young girl for a splendid and, of course, inconstant King. The second tells much of her sadness and her sweet consolation in the worship of the God of men, after having been broken by one who in his time and country was considered a god among them.

When Louise came fully within the orbit of the King—she had been a companion of his young cousins of Orleans—she reminds us of a heroine of Mr. Austin Dobson:

* *The Martyr of Love: The Life of Louise de la Vallière.*
By CLAUDE FÉRAL. Translated by SIDNEY DARK.
Illustrated. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

Just a mere child with sudden ebullitions,
Flashes of fun, and little bursts of song,
Petulant pains, and fleeting pale contritions,
Mute little moods of misery and wrong;
Only a child, of Nature's rarest making,
Wistful and sweet—and with a heart for breaking.

It was, of course, her fate to be heart-broken. She was too loving to be wise, too devoted to her lover—whose kinghood she cared so little about—to face the plots of the de Montespan or attempt to rule Louis. No woman knows what she can lose until she . . . cries—and she wept a good deal. For six years the King appreciated and delighted to honour her, but when the Court began to hum with such bitter verse as:

On dit que La Vallière
S'en va sur son déclin,
Montespan prend sa place,
Il faut que tout y passe
Ainsi de main en main

she only begged for explanations, she allowed her tears to flow—very publicly we fear—and submitted after a faint fight to be broken and almost obliterated from current history. La Vallière had possessed the heart of the King for six happy years, but that seemed as nothing to her when the time was passed. We have said she was not wise.

She was really a beautiful, simple, devotional lady of her country, capable, like the rest, of being the slave of her King, but unable later to view the affair with any philosophy or, even in the commonplace way, make the best of a saddening affair. For her, life was a galaxy of love, a period of deep sorrow, an eternity of penance. She possessed within her soul the double gift of love both sacred and profane—a passion of tenderness which sublimated her devotion to Louis and a depth of compassion and understanding which humanised and made more beautiful her love of God.

Her sincerity and sweetness happened to fall within a wholly unsympathetic environment. A King such as Louis XIV was in his youth, a hero as he honestly believed himself to be, and was generally considered, needed the constant stimulus of various types of women. He used them as he used his cloak, his sash, his cross and star. Such was the fashion of princes, and he among them was the most fashionable. It was as natural that Louise should come to her King when he called for her as that, essentially chaste, she should wear out her life in sadness and penance when *le roi non pareil* rode lightly away.

It is thought that to understand her you must know the man she loved with so much fervour and idolatry. As Monsieur Richepin says, he demanded such love as a right. "He was no poseur. He believed that he was placed high above common humanity, and this sincere belief was fatal to common human happiness. It was Louis XIV, the representative of God on earth, who, after the defeat of Malplaquet, ingenuously remarked: 'Has God then forgotten all that I have done for Him?'"

Such stray phrases and pictures of the period bring before us the world of France as it was in the

seventeenth century with vivid intensity. From the preface to the last phrase the work which Mr. Sidney Dark has translated will be found compact of interest, of vital characteristics of humanity, of beauty, and of pain. Those who search for the salacious, if there be such, among the memoirs of old Courts, will be disappointed in the story of Louise de la Vallière as told in these intimate and sympathetic pages; but those who will be glad for a while to dip into a world that has almost entirely passed away, and into a volume showing the most exquisite art of writing, or rather of presenting the subject, even in the translation, will hasten to enjoy this side-light on history with the rather melodramatic title of "The Martyr of Love." One regret we have: the illustrations are not well chosen and have, we think, appeared in many other books recently published on this period of French history. E. M.

The Voice in The Wilderness

It is not so long since at least one newspaper poster might have been seen by any pedestrian in the Strand openly describing Lord Roberts as a superannuated dreamer "in his dotage," simply because his was the only authoritative voice that called for national efficiency. And to-day, probably, if any news-seller or other person ventured out in a London street with a poster of this description there would speedily be a case for hospital treatment; for the emergency derided by peace-at-any-price fanatics has come about, and the men of the nation now realise the need for national service.

There were those—plenty of them—who told us that a great European war was no longer possible, that the German preparations either were much exaggerated or were purely defensive. One voice crying in the wilderness—that of the hero of Kandahar—warned England of a possible danger, when the sword should decide the fates of the nations; but there was none to heed. To-day the recruits come in by hundreds to the various centres, for there is no lack of patriotism among the manhood of the nation when the hour comes; but had Lord Roberts been listened to when he set out on his self-imposed and noble task of awakening the country to the necessity for adequate military preparations there would have been not merely hundreds of recruits, but thousands of trained men ready to supplement the Army as it exists to-day. In this struggle of the nations it is not the recruits who will count; the

men who will decide on which side victory is to rest are the trained troops of Europe and of this country. The call voiced by Lord Roberts, and practically by him alone, has been fully vindicated; England wants trained men as he foretold she would want them.

This is no time for recriminations or party cries; it is not, as certain misguided enthusiasts seem to think, a time in which to tell of the blessings of peace, for there are yet those among our enemies who count on the possibility of England's disunity, and trust that the party which makes for peace at any price may yet hinder in some measure our action in the defence of right. To "stop the war," as is still cried in some quarters, is no longer a human possibility, and out of the futility of such a cry arises the necessity for unity and concerted action as Lord Roberts has advocated for years. The cause of peace will best be served by presenting an entirely united front, by the silence of dissentients from the policy adopted.

If Lord Roberts had been heeded—it is easy to voice "ifs" now, but the vision conjured up by such a possibility is a tempting one—there might have been in this country not merely thousands but millions of young and able men who were fully trained soldiers instead of the thousands who, in their untrained state, are of very little use for military service for the next six months. The recruit goes to his depot, where, after he has learned to obey unquestioningly, he is taught the uses of the rifle and bayonet, or sword, as the case may be. If he is a cavalryman he has also to be taught to ride and to care for his horse. Altogether, many lessons go to the making of the soldier as he appears in the field, and to curtail these lessons in any degree affects the mobility, shooting power, and general strength of the fighting unit.

Few people realised, as did our great Field-Marshal, how modern industrial conditions made military training more than ever a necessity. Man judges always by his own immediate surroundings, and the thinking men of the country lead a clean, healthy, athletic form of life; they are fit and able at most kinds of sports, and thus in case of emergency would, from their knowledge of horsemanship and athletic exercises, need comparatively little training to make them efficient in the field. The hunter and the sportsman have an immense advantage over the urban dweller, for the former are more adaptable, more likely to understand "taking cover," the principles of mutual support, and the things that go to the making of an efficient force, while

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the sportsmen understand the use of arms before they come to handle the Service rifle.

But the population from among whom the bulk of the fighting material has to be drawn is mainly urban; nineteen-twentieths of the recruits who come to the colours now have never been nearer a horse than dodging one in the street, and ninety-nine out of every hundred have never fired a rifle, while the principles of cohesion and interdependence are as sealed books to them. They have to be taught from the beginning the things which the country-ranging sportsman absorbs without learning; they come to the colours as children come to school—this literally, for military instructors have daily to impress on classes of full-grown men in uniform that "the top of the map is the north," and to instruct them, as one instructs children, in the business of reading a map and understanding it in relation to the ground it represents.

Thus the value of recruits coming in now may be easily estimated. Placed out on active service, they would be useless in themselves and a source of positive danger to seasoned men. Training is necessary before they can take the field. And now, when every available man is needed, possibly for instant service, comes the task of training these men. Three months hence the recruits of to-day may make reasonably efficient infantry at a pinch; six months hence some of them may make efficient cavalry, while, as for gunners, they will need a yet longer time before they attain to full fitness. We state without hesitation that the men of the National Reserve are of more value to the country than the recruits who come in now, for in their ranks are men who have seen and known active service, while all are capable of obeying orders intelligently and using a rifle as a soldier should.

That the urban dwellers should be trained; that, in addition to such bodies as the National Reserve and the Territorial Force, there should be available for instant service such men as are coming in to-day, to that end was Lord Roberts' appeal made—vainly! He was derided as a scaremonger, as an old man who had lost sense of all things but militarism and militaristic schemes. It is not too much to hope that now, when the absolute sanity of his plans and the value of his foresight have been proved, he may be given a high place in the councils of the nation. The course of events has justified his policy, and now, as twice before in his eventful life, it is due that this country should accord a great man honourable recognition.

Intended especially for the Junior Forms of Schools, "A Short Old Testament History," by the Rev. A. R. Whitham, M.A. (Rivingtons, 2s. 6d.), is an abridgment of the author's "Old Testament History." In its present form it will be found that a large amount of direct quotations from the sacred text, and a number of notes have been omitted; but in this handy shape the book is a plain summary of the Old Testament story from a Christian point of view.

REVIEWS

Poetical Problems and Problematical Poems

Poems of Problems. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)

Lyrics of the Open. By MARY G. CHERRY. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Eve Repentant, and Other Poems. By A. H. COOK. With Frontispiece. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Gain and Loss: A Lyrical Narrative; and Other Verses. By E. K. S. (St. Catherine Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

Elfin Chaunts and Railway Rhythms. By EDMUND VALE. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Farming Lays. By BERNARD GILBERT. Illustrated. (Frank Palmer. 2s. net.)

IT was perhaps inevitable that in the prosecution of her tireless excursions into the varied realms of life Mrs. Wilcox should some day arrive at the department "Problems," especially as the title offered a further opportunity of pugnacious alliteration. The problems she now touches are various, and include pre-natal homicide in particular, war, blood-sports, feminism, and, incidentally, some phases of religion and theology. But the problem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox remains the most interesting. How are we to estimate her? Is she in any true sense a poet, or only a clever writer of verse? If the poetry of to-day is to be judged rigorously by the classic standard of analysis—"simple, sensuous, passionate"—we are likely to be left with but a small residuum; while we have grown so clever that critical discrimination of our productions is frequently very difficult. Now Mrs. Wilcox is indisputably the poet in such a lyric as "The Awakening," where she expresses the charm and the insufficiency of tropic nature in this fashion:

And nowhere else can you know the sweet
Soft "joy-in-nothing" that comes with the heat
Of tropic regions. And yet, and yet,
If in evergreen worlds my way were set
I would span the waters of widest seas
To see the wonder of waking trees;
To feel the shock of sudden delight
That comes when the orchard has changed in a night,
From the winter nun to the bride of May,
And the harp of Spring is attuned to play
The wedding march, and the sun is priest,
And the world is bidden to join the feast.

In some further instances, like "Remembered," and here and there in occasional passages, we get flashes of the same spirit. On the other hand, in "Stairways and Gardens" we have nothing but a vague feeling which she has rendered neither coherent nor concrete; and in "Gipsying" we have little more than a word-jingle.

The opening of "Sirius" is like a ludicrous example of how to turn prose into poetry; we give it as it appears:

SIRIUS.

"Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way, sixty thousand years have gone."
—GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way
Full sixty thousand years have gone;
Yet hour by hour, and day by day,
This tireless star speeds on and on.

But may not this be a kind of key to much of Mrs. Wilcox's verse, in which more or less clever artifice supplants the true art? Does she not often conceive in prose, and then "do into poetry"? Somehow it is when she rides her high horse that she is least satisfactory poetically. She is too self-conscious in her prophet's robes, which breeds the suspicion that they are but stage-wear after all. The idea is frequently prosy (e.g., "The Cure"), but the imposition is helped out by clever rhythms, sounding phrases, and that abracadabra style of enunciation which may be parodied by:

We have toiled from Time's beginning, we have pushed
the business through,
We have wrought and fought and sweated; now what are
you going to do?

In fact, Mrs. Wilcox at her worst is strongly reminiscent of Mr. Kipling at his cheapest. It is popular, we suppose, because of these pretentious tricks of style, and also because the sentiment is generally correct, while she has a pleasant way of introducing popular truisms:

And in a tiny cabin, shaped for two,
The space for happiness is just as great
As in a palace.

We seem to see that, with some other passages we could select, in some future collection of "Gems from Ella Wheeler Wilcox." We may regret these divagations when there is evidence that Mrs. Wilcox knows better, but, after all, it may be that some hearts thrill to them over which Browning, or even Shakespeare, would have no power, so we should not carp too harshly.

Miss Mary Cherry, like Mrs. Wilcox, couches her lance at the problem of the birth-rate; but, as her title implies, she is chiefly concerned with pastoral matters. She has a sympathetic eye for the charms of Nature, and so long as she employs care can weave her observations into pleasant verse. But if she attempts a little more than this she soon outreaches her poetical powers, becomes prosy and clumsy; her ideas get disjointed and out of hand, and ten lines are taken to express what ought to be said in one. Once or twice, however, she does tread the authentic slope of Parnassus, as in "The Vale of Avalon" and the sonnet, "Cumae." There is also a poetical "foreword" to "The Crock of Gold," which is happy to the occasion.

Mr. Augustus Cook is a doctor—described on his title-page as "Late Senior Surgeon, Hampstead General Hospital"—who has apparently made verse-making his hobby, for this is his fourth published volume. Many of these verses are such as might have had their birth in a doctor's experience and observation; they display

a cultivated and thoughtful mind and some facility in the poet's craft. Neither the author's ear nor his poetic sense is always impeccable; he perpetrates one of the most atrocious rhymes it has been our pain to meet with—"riddle" and "idyll"—and the lines called "Disappointment" are a distinctive example of loose articulation. But "Fire Faces" is a pensive little poem of no small charm, and one feels a quality of tense experience in "Lux E Tenebris," which has notably braced his powers. The book has a photogravure frontispiece of Anna Merritt's well-known picture of "Eve Repentant."

In "Gain and Loss," a sequence of forty-three various poems, we again meet with the "problem," this time of an intimate character. "E. K. S." sings the thwarted joys, the desires, pangs and penalties of a forbidden love. His work has the weight of sincerity, and he is a craftsman of considerable distinction. The supplementary numbers are all more or less overshadowed by his main theme, the influence of which is probably to be held responsible for a certain strain of the satirical, markedly present in a sonnet addressed "To Dives, Esq., J.P., at Church." The author shows the fullest command of his powers as a sonneteer, and the example entitled "The Monuments in Westminster Abbey" might be instanced both for its satisfactory workmanship and as presenting an attitude towards those historic memorials that does not frequently find expression.

Mr. Edmund Vale is very charming among the fairy-folk, his limber imagination serving him with a circumstantiality proper to things seen. There is just the right twist of the fantastic and the moonshine shimmer of mystery, and he has managed to avoid the suggestion of a dilettante grown-up playing with these things and keeping a superior smile in reserve. He is not the first bard to attempt an interpretation of the rhythmic song of the railway train, but he has listened for himself and noted how the rhythms vary. The carriages of the Royal Mail chant their allegiance to the engine in this fashion:

Station to station,
For always, for ever,
All through infinity,
Time and eternity.
Loyalty! Loyalty!
He is the Masterpiece.

The carriages of the Central London Railway proclaim:

I have no soul at all,
My strength is in my track,
All sentiment I lack,
I'm nothing but a hack
To Shepherd's Bush and back.

Yet, clever as these verses are, they do not reveal Mr. Vale at his best. For this we must seek him neither among the elves nor on the rails, but in such lyrics of an unspecified class as "Like the Eye of a Lighthouse," "Come where the Headland drops to the Sea," and "To be by the Sea in Early Spring." These confess freshness of vision and a personal quality of composition, which are among the best recommendations of a poet;

while the curious impression of "Joan of Arc," rather fragmentary and unsatisfying in itself, conveys certain hints of power.

In some respects Mr. Bernard Gilbert's "Farming Lays" provide the happiest fare of all. They are unpretentious dialect pieces, set down in a forthright manner, and with the true rustic humour. In a publisher's note we are told that these "Lays" appeared in a local newspaper and at once achieved unexpected currency in the village inns and popular resorts of the countryside. That, so far as it is an attestation of value, we pass on with a hearty goodwill. The atmosphere is of that rural England which time changes but little, and its joys are sung with an Horatian zest:

It's been a freezin' 'ard all daay,
Wi' gusts o' raain an' haail,
An' now the snaw is whizzlin' down
The winder's turnin' paale;
Owd Mother Goose 'ez shook 'er gown;
The win' roars down the chimley.

The firelight is red an' free,
The kitchen's snug an' warm,
We're restin' 'ere contentedly,
An wish noabody 'arm—
God 'elp poor saailers out at sea!
The win' roars down the chimley.

Mr. Gilbert has his problems, but they are concerned with such evils as weeds and crows and unlimited rainfall, and they are dealt with in a thoroughgoing manner which the more sophisticated problem-ridden might well envy. There is much cheer and entertainment in these pages, and it will do any reader good to become acquainted with "Young Ben" and "Joshua Brent" and artful "Jimmy Pratt"—who belongs to the kindred of Mr. Jacobs' rustics. Mr. Lear's title-page and marginal sketches in green help to make it a very pretty book.

L'Entente, C'est Moi

Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1876-1906.

By SIR THOMAS BARCLAY. With Portrait. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very opportunely published book. It supplies a detailed account by one who was a leader in the movement of the origin and progress of the Entente between Britain and France which is now playing so important a part in events that will shape future history. The volume also gives a glimpse of the various recent attempts, vigorous, well-intentioned, and ill-fated, to establish better relations between Britain and Germany.

Sir Thomas Barclay is a thorough Scot and a thorough journalist. He knew most of the French public men who were especially worth knowing in the period which these memoirs cover, and he met a number of distinguished Germans during the same time. He saw them all through the spectacles of a shrewd optimist and practical, benevolent schemer with a large underlying charity for human nature. Not a little of the attractiveness of the book comes from the foibles

of the author. Whenever Sir Thomas Barclay looked in a mirror he saw an almost incalculably important managing person, and in that person he took inexhaustible interest. His book is no mere record of events, with the historian in the background; the events take their place in the setting in which Sir Thomas presents himself to the public.

The mainspring of action is candidly disclosed. "Three elements are essential, apart from choice of a propitious moment, for success in agitation. The one is never to publish to the world an isolated resolution. Several keep each other company and encourage others. Another is never to take anybody into one's confidence during negotiations and expose oneself to the danger of 'hearsay.' And the third is not to ask for funds! I might add a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, but they belong to character and circumstances, viz., to go on *quand même*, not to be impatient, and to be able to give all one's time, imagination, and energy to the work." There speaks the cannily perfervid Scot.

We are not surprised to learn that Sir Thomas Barclay was the true begetter of the *Entente Cordiale*. The late King Edward and Lord Lansdowne played their parts, but they reaped where another had sown. How did the better understanding between Britain and France begin?

I believe I once heard "luck" defined as a courageous insight into the capabilities of a chance. At any rate, I have always so regarded luck. Chances of all kinds and qualities abound. The difficulty is first to distinguish among them. I was on the lookout for a chance to launch the great idea that England and France, by their geographical position, by their political affinities, by their differences of character which made them indispensable to each other's intellectual development, by the divergency of their industrial and artistic activity which made the one the complement of the other, had a joint and not a competing mission in the world; that they would benefit as much by their friendship as they were losing by their antagonism; that England and France as democracies, having nothing to gain by war, were necessarily agents of peace; and that their friendship would be a first step towards the abatement of those armaments which the Emperor of Russia in 1898 had justly described as "a crushing burden more and more difficult for nations to bear."

So in 1894 Sir Thomas Barclay drew up a scheme in nine paragraphs, and, if the course of events has turned an ironical light on some of his purposes, it has brilliantly demonstrated the value of others:—

My idea had been and still was to create an atmosphere favourable for the removal of causes of friction and place the future of the two countries beyond the reach of popular emotions by the conclusion of a standing Treaty of Arbitration.

No small ambition for a private person, but it is not the business of a journalist to belittle his possible achievements. The strength and weakness of Sir Thomas Barclay's judgment appear in strange comminglement in the following passages:—

The wrangling of France and Germany, as England's immediate neighbours, involves considera-

tions under which she can never be *tertius gaudens*. England's greatest interest is that they join her in the preservation of their common interests throughout the world and the securing of that European peace which was and still is the object of the *entente cordiale*. . .

That the *entente* was perverted is beyond question, that on many sides for purposes which may have been patriotic, but were certainly misguided, it was deliberately made to appear as an anti-German movement is a notorious fact.

Fortunately wiser counsels have again prevailed. . . To-day it would serve no useful object to denounce the fomenters of international strife. They now see the folly of the agitation which sapped the foundations of the European concert. Until then it had preserved us from wars which immediately followed its disruption.

It is a temptation to quote extensively from the store of reminiscences of remarkable men which the volume contains, but they should be read with their context. The book is in a sense provocative, for it is the work of a dogmatic thinker, but it is extremely interesting, both as history and biography.

An "Onlooking Stranger"

The Cure of Poverty. By JOHN CALVEN BROWN.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book is breezily written by an American financier who has a great belief in the institutions of his own country and rails at our system of Free Trade and general business habits. At the same time, he admits that he has made his home among us for some years, and as he is still engaged in active business, no doubt he finds it profitable to do so.

The first chapter is devoted to his impressions of England. It is rather thin in parts, and marred by little "chestnuts" that were current coin on the railway-trains from 'Frisco to N' York twenty years ago. He pretends to be amazed, for instance, at seeing "Family Butcher" over a London shop, until it finally dawns on him that the butchery was for and not of families. "Funerals furnished" struck him in a similar way. He seems to forget that Bret Harte and the "forty-niner" have been dead for some years. He is rather down on lawyers and our system of legal charges. He tells the story, that has grey whiskers, of the solicitor who swallowed a sovereign and after a great effort coughed up thirteen and fourpence, and alleges he was English. He illustrates the untruthfulness of the English bar by retelling the story of the lawyer who got heavy damages from a railway company because a rib was fractured to such an extent that in future he could only be able "to lie on one side."

The rest of the book is a vigorous and able presentation of Tariff Reform. The United States are held up to admiration for their Protection system. The author is in favour of Trusts, but "you can and should regulate them and destroy their unfair treatment of their competitors"—he forgets to say how. He is strongly

in favour of the Federation of the British Empire, and he is certain we ought to attack Germany before she is ready to attack us. [It is interesting to note that these lines were written before the events of the last two weeks.] He is also sure that Germany is preparing for war against us:—

While war between these massive Powers is shudderingly horrible to contemplate, yet, if it has to come, it would be much better from Britain's point of view if it came at once while she can depend upon her co-operative defence treaties and before her rival is prepared.

He settles the Irish question in a sentence:—

The State of Rhode Island maintains a State Government consisting of two Houses of Legislature with 38 members in one and one hundred members in the other, and she only contains 1,050 square miles of land—divided into 5 counties containing a population of only 542,000, whilst Ulster has 10 counties—8 times the area, 3 times the population, and many times the wealth of Rhode Island.

Why not let Ulster set up for itself, and the Nationalists rule the rest?

So simple is it not!

This book [he writes] is not modest. If I thought it was, I would rewrite it: I want it to be sharp—I want it to bite through your placidity, and show you what a curious figure you present to onlooking strangers; and I want to awaken in you some idea of your duty to your posterity, hoping that you may rise up with a righteous growl, and do as the good awakened citizens of New York have done, and kick your Tammanys into the salty sea.

The book, in spite of its air of superiority, is interesting and strongly written. There are a great many figures in it, clearly put, which must have taken some labour to compile and set in order. It will be useful to Tariff Reformers and public speakers who can annex the author's countless anecdotes and use them on the platform; but the weakness of the book lies in the fact that he overlooks the difference between a young country like the United States and an old island kingdom like Great Britain.

Shorter Reviews

Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. By W. H. HUTTON. With Illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THERE are few parts of England richer in what scientists call intrinsic and associational interest than Warwickshire and the surrounding country; and it was to be expected that Messrs. Macmillan would soon include it in their "Highways and Byways" series. The task has been entrusted to Mr. Hutton, and he has accomplished it in a scholarly and complete fashion. From Moreton in the south to Warwick in the north, from Evesham in the west to Daventry in the east, it is full of interest, if we are so energetic as to seek for interest, or it offers

rich flowing ease if our mood is for a happier idleness. On either hand it offers a writer the opportunity for research or for the writing that quickens the blood and soothes the whole being. Mr. Hutton has eschewed both courses. When he touches on any point of controversy he suggests the issue and leaves it at that. It is so, for example, when he treats of the "three louses" of Hampton Lucy. When the present writer was last at Hampton Lucy he was sententiously informed by the dignified old man who showed him the sights that no copy of the writer Shakespeare would certainly be found in the building. It was, to say the least, interesting to have the old controversy brought so near. The judgment on the young Stratford lad, and that lad's everlasting retort, became something quite fascinating. We think Mr. Hutton was not well advised to avoid such controversy. Nor does he bring to the countryside his own imaginative delight. Yet there is much to be said for his method, especially as he has by his side Mr. New's charming sketches. The beauty of the district speaks for itself through his patient and complete recital, and thus the book becomes delightful. No place escapes his mention, and no feature escapes his description. One only regrets certain out-of-the-way spots and remote footways, such as are possibly the loveliest of the countryside: Great Campden, for instance, and the hill on which it is set, where we would rather be than in any of the larger townships. But there is one thing certain—we shall not go that way again without Mr. Hutton's book, particularly as it is provided with Mr. New's drawings.

A Short History of Ireland. By CONSTANTIA MAXWELL, M.A. (The Educational Company of Ireland. 1s. net.)

MISS MAXWELL informs us that it is her intention in this little book to "present a clear and impartial account of the chief features of Irish history." In our opinion, she has not succeeded. Impartiality in Irish history may be difficult to achieve; but it is no more difficult there than in the case of any country that comes into close and continual touch with its neighbours. The safe method is to take the point of view always of the nation that is under treatment. We think, moreover, that this is not only the just method in Irish history, but the only possible method in any history. The author, however, save for some fragmentary quotations from the annalists, depends almost wholly on un-Irish sources. There is, for example, a note of condescension in her treatment of early Irish history that cannot but be galling to the increasing number of Irishmen who, guided by the labours of Irish and eminent Continental scholars in opening up the rich literature of the time, are beginning to rediscover the very beautiful early civilisation that then prevailed. It is perfectly plain that Miss Maxwell has never had a moment's conception of what we may call the inland point of view; and she therefore is manifestly at sea until some point of view presents itself that she is better

fitted to understand. A book so written is bound to end in a fundamental confusion—a confusion that makes itself seen even though the book is mainly a catalogue of events. It even decides what events are to be chosen. For example, the whole significance of Bruce's Invasion, in its effect on the civil economy of the Irish, and thus in its opening of the long, steady period of prosperity that began then and continued until the terrible Plantations, is altogether missed, simply because that civil economy has not only been omitted, but even regarded as though it had never been. A primer of Irish history for the use of schools is very much needed, but we fear that this little book does not supply that need.

Essays by Hubert Bland. With an Introduction by CECIL CHESTERTON. (Max Goschen. 5s. net.)

THE essayist who can remain true to the principles of his art and at the same time appeal to the popular taste is a rare phenomenon, and when we lose him, as we have lost "Hubert," the shock is severe; we feel that there is no one who can do the same work in the same way. There are plenty of pretty writers, men who can amuse and even instruct with a pleasant air; but there are few indeed who have the strong, philosophic grip of affairs and the admirably clear outlook which were so characteristic of the one who was so unexpectedly taken.

There could hardly have been a man better suited to the task of expounding all sorts of problems to a mixed and, broadly speaking, democratic audience than Hubert Bland. He was never muddled in his attack on a subject; he was invariably keen and eager and pertinent, and a genial gleam of humour shone through his most serious columns. At times he took extreme views; one could not always agree with him; but the man with whom it is possible always to agree is a very dull and useless person. We are exceedingly pleased to find that Mrs. Bland has collected some of the best of the essays in this volume. Every one is worth reading; most of them provoke thought; and those who have not been familiar with the author's work will be surprised at the fine, active, energetic way in which he could treat themes that are usually "dry"—such as the "Theory of the State" or "The Endowment of Motherhood." From a literary point of view the most interesting chapter is that on "The Decadence of Kipling," written four years ago. It is a sound piece of criticism, admonitory and salutary, full of good things. "A Talk about Books" is another excellent paper, the comparison of various authors being especially illuminating. We heard the essay on "The Faith I Hold" delivered as a lecture in 1907, and it is a pleasure to recall the voice and the sharp, telling way in which the words were spoken. There must be many more pages still in store, and we hope that some day Mrs. Bland will authorise the issue of another selection. No one can read this book without realising that here was a good man and a gentleman, and that with him an antagonistic political belief might be a basis for argument, but could never be a basis for anger, reproach, or recrimination. That he is gone is matter for great sorrow; for there are too few like him.

Fiction

The Stepsister. By MAUD LEESON. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH partaking much of the character of the stories usually described as girls' books, "The Stepsister" is a much more interesting tale than many which are obviously novels. Mercy is an only daughter, living with her grandmother and mother in a country mansion. When her mother, still a fairly young woman, marries an old friend, a widower with six sons and daughters, Mercy is at first broken-hearted, her grandparent furious. Being very fond of her mother, the daughter falls in with her wishes and goes to join the household of her "steps," as they call themselves. Her mother and Dr. Armdale are delayed in their homecoming, so that poor Mercy in fear and trembling has to make the dreaded entry into a fresh household unsupported and alone; but things are not as bad as she feared, and after a sharp tussle with Fergus, the eldest son, matters adjust themselves and the doings and misdoings of the six "steps" and the new arrival make interesting reading. The character of each member is clearly drawn, Mercy—or Mouse as she is called on account of her quiet little ways—endearing herself to them all. Romance creeps in and has more than a nodding acquaintance with several of the happy little group. Later the hard and unsympathetic grandmother again enters the story, but only so far as the disposal of her property is concerned. This, however, greatly affects the future of Mercy and also of the "step" who loves her. In the end all is well, everyone has been put on the road to happiness and all misunderstandings are cleared away.

Love's Young Dream. By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM" is mainly a story of crime and its detection. One night a murder and a fire take place at the country house of a Mr. Emberson, the old gentleman himself being the victim. His son, Dick, engaged to his neighbour's daughter, Enid, is distracted at the crime and behaves in so peculiar a manner at the inquest that if he is not actually suspected of the murder, a certain curiosity is aroused in the mind of a detective who is also present. Dick pays mysterious journeys to London, and finally goes abroad with Edward Bevan, a young friend who refuses to be shaken off in spite of the elder one's protests that he greatly prefers being alone. The charred remains of the murdered man revealed the fact that his head had been removed at the time of the crime, and it is this gruesome object that his son scours England and the Continent to discover, although the reader is left in doubt about this until the end of the book. The story is perhaps best described as very romantic; the methods of the detective are most unofficial, the idea of a Secret Armenian Society collecting the heads of the members who in any way betrayed them very incredulous, while the

infatuation of Bevan's mother for Dick is not easy to realise. The conversation of the characters is in many cases stilted; in moments of anxiety or excitement people do not usually stay to deliver the long orations Miss Rowlands requires of her creations. Still those who are interested in the detective style of story will probably not cavil at the small faults we have mentioned.

By the Western Sea. By JAMES BAKER. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. net.)

ONE is glad to welcome a new and popular edition of this pleasant book, which makes its appearance at a particularly seasonable time. For August is the month of holidays, and "By the Western Sea" is a holiday story. Perhaps it would be more fitting to describe it as a "holiday idyll," since the narrative element plays a relatively small part in its composition. The scene is laid in Devonshire, and the author has contrived to capture and to convey something of the charm, the beauty and the mystery of that wonderful county. This in itself is no mean achievement. Equally effective is the characterisation. A small party of strangers meet in a hotel at Lynmouth. Before the book ends they are no longer strangers, two members of the group at least being destined to play an important part in each other's lives. The love story of Lovell, the man with the ungainly body and the beautiful soul, and of Winifred Faussett—whose painting, one may hope, was better than her poetry—is sympathetically told, and there is a poignancy about some of the scenes which can hardly fail to move the least sentimental of readers. Interspersed throughout the volume are discussions about art and poetry and scenery, and the influence of Ruskin. Indeed, it is the very book for an idle hour at the seaside. And to say that about a book is to praise it.

In a County Asylum. By RICHARD Z. DALE. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s.)

PERHAPS there is a good bit of truth in the author's contentions on the subject, but the book is an extremely unpleasant work dealing with the shortcomings of county asylums and their commissioners. If the author is a medical man he has been most unfortunate in his experiences of the profession, for the majority of people find doctors far different from the beings portrayed in this work, while the aspersions made with regard to the morals of asylum attendants do not tally with general usage—nothing of the life pictured here prevails in normal institutions.

Setting that aside, the fact remains that a master of literary expression is required to effect reforms by means of story-telling. The author mentions Reade, but Reade was a genius who wrote in the grand manner, while this book, by a mixture of sensuality, pamphleteering, and religion, defeats its own end through making no definite appeal to any one class, and at the same time it is none too well written. Neither county asylums nor the reading public are likely to benefit much by the publication of the work.

The Theatre

"Follow On"

SO many thousands of men are connected with the dramatic profession in England that we greatly hope for the present that the public will continue to enjoy the stage.

If the time comes when every man between the ages of 16 and 60 has to come into, or draw near, the fighting line we may be sure that the actors and those connected with them will be in a far better position to make a good fight if they are now allowed to continue their usual avocation. We know that this view is not shared by everyone; that does not prevent our holding it very strongly.

The playgoer will be blessed in giving and in receiving. Actors can keep fit and fairly well fed and the audience recuperated and enlivened by the charms of drama and gay plays. Many may not have the heart to lay aside their troubles and enter upon an entertainment other than the very real one of torturing themselves by listening to nothing but songs of death—but we believe that the majority in such a city as London will be quite equal to this, perhaps only temporary, need for coolness and detachment in the face of trouble.

Many managers, at least, have entered upon their share of the campaign with high spirit, and their tactics suggest good success. The evening we go to press Sir Herbert Tree is producing and acting in "Drake," the picturesque and impassioned drama which has already done much to recall the mind of a casual public to our heroic past. The arrangements in regard to payments and profits which will enable the management greatly to assist the Prince of Wales' Fund for the sufferers by the war might well form an example for every other theatre of importance. Mr. Martin Harvey's plan for his present tour, by which the total profits are pooled and divided equally among the members of the company, is admirably suited to the exigencies of the present situation and might be followed with advantage by all companies so strong in public favour as that of Mr. Harvey. The danger in this connection, of course, appears when such a combination of management and company is not sufficiently sure of patronage. However, the fear of any lack of audience does not, we are happy to think, weigh upon the mind of many managements.

Already in August several large theatres are about to open. The Haymarket, one of the most popular and fortunate theatres in town, is advertising "The Impossible Woman," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, in which Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Godfrey Tearle will lead; Mr. Cyril Maude, with the best interests of the public at heart, renews the prosperous career of "Grumpy" at the New on August 29; Mr. James Welch continues to relieve the tension of worried minds with his irrepressible, his irresistible *tour de force* in "When Knights were Bold." We have heard that he may

shortly have to leave the theatre, so that another comedian can produce a play, but we know this enthusiastic, dynamic, and mesmeric actor too well to suppose that he will not make himself fully felt in some joyous way which will enable his admirers to snatch a few hours from a world which seems to have been placed beneath the abracadabra of an evil magician.

Many are the other managers, such as Sir George Alexander, Mr. Courtneidge, Mr. Asche with "Kismet," and the ever-victorious producers of "The Great Adventure," who intend to carry forward the beneficent work of providing entertainment for many an overwrought and too self-centred a mind.

Although, as we have said, there are plenty of very loyal and sensible people who are in favour of closing the theatres, many more are determined to keep the banner of the stage flying. So accomplished and experienced an actor as Mr. Frederick Kerr has written that closing the theatres means poverty for the actors, while continuing them may be disaster to the managers, and suggests that all actors and employes should consent to a reduction of their salaries, and adds:

I suggest a minimum wage of £2 a week, and would urge that the Press kindly assist by lowering the price of theatrical advertisements, and that the managers lower the price of seats. In the event of profit, an arrangement could easily be come to whereby a share could be set aside to reimburse those who had been willing to make the sacrifice.

If the difficulty before us is met generally in this wise spirit, there is no doubt that many of the theatres may be carried on in the usual way. An excellent beginning will be made in regard to "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre, "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane, and a number of the more judicious and notable entertainments at the houses of light amusement.

EGAN MEW.

A Holiday in Austria—II

THE Austrian peasants are for the most part intelligent folk, and at Ramsau, at any rate, a Protestant village in a country that is largely Catholic, they revered old customs without being particularly superstitious. One mood of Nature they have learnt to regard with awe, and that is the thunderstorm. It is a frequent occurrence to have their cattle killed, their farms struck by lightning, to say nothing of more serious accidents. On Midsummer Day the girls make nosegays of wild flowers, Alpine rose, large and small gentian, mauve primula, *fettkraut*, and many others picked from the fields or mountain-side, place them over doors and windows, and devoutly regard them as potent charms against the tyranny of *donnerwetter*. On Midsummer Night they light fires in the open, a survival of a very ancient custom. I found the peasants courteous, kind, hospitable. The faces of the men, at a comparatively early age, were dry and wrinkled, accounted for, no doubt, by climatic in-

fluences and a too ardent love of the pipe in conjunction with a brand of tobacco that an English navy would find far too strong for him.

An Austrian gentleman, who was familiar with the peasants, said that their conception of morality, with a few exceptions, was extremely lax, and his opinion was confirmed by others who could speak authoritatively on the subject. They seem to regard marriage as a respectable but by no means necessary institution, and love-children are plentiful among them. I met one unmarried woman who had three children, and, so far from considering herself in any way wronged, she regarded the whole affair without a shade of misgiving, and, so long as her sweetheart remained true to her, she was content. Everyone in the village knew her story, and there was never a hint of misconduct, never so much as the throwing of the smallest of stones, for the simple reason that the story was an old and familiar one, and most of the people were in pretty much the same boat themselves. Without wishing to mitigate their laxity or maintaining too stoutly that morality is a matter of custom—"geography," as Richard Burton neatly expressed it—it must be said in justice that these children, born out of wedlock, and often provided for by those who know nothing of their parentage, are well cared for, and never by any chance ill-treated. They will go into the world, labour in the fields, without a stigma attaching to their name—that is to say, so far as their own community is concerned.

The peasants, however, are by no means irreligious. I chanced to go to the Lutheran church at Ramsau one Sunday morning. Outside the building I saw assembled a number of men in flower-worked knickers and green Tyrolese hats, sitting down together, placidly smoking long pipes. I imagined at first that these silent smokers had a habit of meeting just outside the church by way of a kind of apology for never going inside, content to worship the Almighty with the incense of tobacco; but I was mistaken. Precisely at 8.30 the men knocked out their pipes and entered the church, with bowls tantalisingly warm in their pockets. They sang dreamily, and listened to a very spirited evangelical sermon with an entire lack of expression on their faces. But they went to church, and performed a religious duty with a resignation that was almost humorous.

One incident I shall not soon forget. I entered a dark and rambling farmhouse and found an old woman suffering from a very distended goitre, a malady that is prevalent among the peasants, and due, I am told, to the water and to a disregard of the laws of health. She brought out an old wooden cradle—Peter Rosegger has described such a cradle in one of his stories—and began to rock it to and fro, murmuring, in German, "Many! Many!" While she rocked it, her idiot son came in, a strange, bearded fellow with watery, roving eyes and crumpled legs that scarcely had the strength to support him. "Tick-tack! tick-tack!" went the cradle on the floor. The man grinned, and then chuckled in an eerie, high-pitched

voice that reminded me somehow of certain grim passages in "Wuthering Heights." For a moment he stood thus, and then shuffled away, his legs throwing his body from left to right in a series of convulsive jerks. I heard him laughing, muttering in the distance. Later I learnt the story of this idiot son. When he was born, his mother placed him in a large barrel whenever she went out to work, and when there was no one to tend him. It was a foolish and wicked procedure, an act thoughtlessly committed with a view to keeping the child safe during the mother's absence. Day after day the child lived in the dark barrel, his body hopelessly cramped, his mind cramped too. One morning, while the woman was out, the barrel fell and rolled down a hill with the child inside. When she returned, it was to discover that her son was a hopeless idiot.

I ought, perhaps, to have borrowed an ice-axe, climbed the Dachstein, and, hanging from my toes, picked a sprig of the much-coveted edelweiss. But, alas! I am no mountaineer, and had to content myself with lesser heights. I refused to be roped to a giant-like guide, to claw with tooth and nail into ice, snow, and rock, and finally to lose my balance and come to an untimely end. I climbed the Austriahütte at night and saw a memorable dawn from the summit, ascended the zig-zag path of the Sinabel, picked what are known in this country as Christmas roses, and made excellent iced coffee by the simple process of adding snow. On one occasion I walked nearly twenty-five miles, including the ascent of a mountain six thousand feet high. The return journey through Filzmoos, past many a shrine, through a forest of firs turned to molten gold, afforded scenes that are never to be forgotten. There was a spell of some kind in the evening light. It touched the mountains and made them seem rosily transparent, shone upon a laughing stream and fashioned rubies and pearls out of the dancing water.

I lean over the pension verandah. Fraülein Lart is singing a song—telling a doll to go to sleep. Gossamer clouds are sailing serenely over the Lodenwald. A peasant is yodeling lustily in the distance, and every now and then a cow-bell clangs. I see dusky hay figures below me, and breathe a perfume, half of flowers and half of firs. Fireflies thread the darkness with little stars of green light, and greatest glory of all, the mountains rear white, ghostly heads and catch the silvery splendour of the moon.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

By an Order in Council dated August 4, 1914, his Majesty's printers (Eyre and Spottiswoode) are commanded to print and promulgate copies of a special form of intercession in connection with the war, to be used in all churches and chapels in England and Wales and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on such occasions as each bishop shall appoint for his own diocese.

Foreign Reviews

LA REVUE.

JUNE 15.—Part of Baron d'Estournelle de Constant's preface to the report of the Carnegie Commission on the recent Balkan wars is given. M. Victor Margueritte comments the life of Adèle Hugo, by M. Gustave Simon. "Mangeons-nous mieux qu'autrefois?" by Claude, contains some succulent menus of various periods; a menu of Marie-Antoinette inspires grim thoughts, as, quite apart from the "rôtis" and the "grandes entrées," we find "cochon de lait" among the "entrées" and "dindonneau" among the "hors d'œuvres." M. Banville has been misinformed about "Pygmalion"; the word that evoked the universal blush was not "damn."

July 1.—Dr. F. Hedgcock, in an article garnished with "inédits," shows Victor Hugo as president of the Peace Congress held at Paris in 1849; as these congresses were an English invention, and Hugo had expressed himself publicly but a short time before in a violently Anglophobe sense, the incident has its piquancy. Sefer Bey criticises ironically the attempted settlement of Albania; he adds: "La meilleure solution, c'est de rétablir la domination musulmane . . . je ne dis pas ottomane." Claude gives some admirable culinary history, starting from the epigram—"le XVII^e siècle a créé le premier salon, le XVIII^e a créé la première salle à manger"; something is told us of Dugleret, "le créateur de la cuisine moderne." M. Pineau contributes a translation in extracts of "Dr. Rung," a play by the Icelandic dramatist, Johann Sigurjonsonn.

July 15.—M. G. Maire compares three modern mystic poets, MM. Péguy, Jammes and Claudel, to the advantage of the last named. "Le mot magique," says Dr. Max Nordau, "qui domine tous les sports est le mot 'record'"; this is an obvious fallacy as regards the best use of the word in its native language, and, we are tempted to think, rather an injustice to it in the countries of its adoption. M. A. Livet justifies the existence and the history of the Parti Radical Unifié; M. Caillaux is a "Lloyd George français." The Sigurjonsonn play and M. Barrière's novel are concluded.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

June.—M. de Marmande has some vivid "Croquis en Bretagne." M. Bonnet finishes his dissertation, "la Religion Maçonnique en Présence du Catholicisme Romain"; he tells us at what date masonry was imported from England into France, who invented the motto of the Republic, how dissensions arose on the religious question, and how the English and other lodges separated from the Grand-Orient; he adds reflections of his own on the utility of the institution and on the conditions of its permanence. An "enquête" on the desirability of a Belgian Academy seems to have provoked only negative answers.

July.—In this number are a commentary on and the first part of a translation of the "Curioso Impertinente," a play founded on a celebrated digression in "Don Quixote," and written by Guillen de Castro, whose "Cid" inspired Corneille.

LA VIE DES LETTRES.

April.—We should like to notice, if somewhat tardily, the lecture of M. André Gide on Mallarmé and Verlaine, and the appreciations of Oscar Wilde and Lascelles Abercrombie, by Dr. E. Bendz and M. Jethro Bithell, respectively.

July.—A lecture delivered at the Sorbonne by M. Paul Adam is entitled "la Cité Future"; it deals with the schemes of M. Hendrick Andersen for building an international capital of the world. M. Speth writes an appreciation of M. Paul Adam. M. J. M. Bernard gives a sketch of the life of Cyrano de Bergerac. Poetry is represented by several pages more of M. Beauduin's "paroxysms," and by a weird prose-poem of M. Paul Fort.

MERCURE DE FRANCE.

June 16.—M. Magne has an excellent critique of Jehan Rictus, liberally interspersed with quotations. M. Divoire's article, "La dernière Ruse de l'Homme," and some little poems by M. Vanderpyl are very striking. M. Bastide's "Anglais et Français du XVII^e siècle," twice noticed in THE ACADEMY, is reviewed by M. Barthélemy.

July 1.—M. Francis Carco's "Réflexions sur l'Humour" are decidedly interesting for an English reader. M. Henri Malo writes of "le Vaincu de Bouvines," the "vrai vaincu," Renaud de Boulogne, who came near to stifling the French monarchy of Philip Augustus. M. Boucher gives some delightful unpublished letters of Théophile Gautier; to a painter who is doing his portrait he writes: "J'ai une indisposition très légère au point de vue médical, très grave au point de vue pittoresque: je suis malade dans mes contours . . . vous ne voudriez pas faire le portrait d'un ballon."

July 16.—M. André Spire discusses certain phenomena of French verse, indicated by experimental phonetics; one of his conclusions is that "l'accent temporel . . . doit être proclamé le véritable accent rythmique du vers français." M. Emile Masson's "Notes d'un Breton en Galles" are full of interest, especially from the linguistic point of view; he thinks that what has been done in Wales, in the matter of regularising the Welsh language, might be copied with advantage in Brittany. One epigram we must quote: "les églises ont sauvé la nation galloise; l'église romaine n'a sauvé que des âmes bretonnes." M. R. Dumesnil's article on "Bouvard et Pécuchet" is exceptionally interesting. M. Davray, reviewing Mr. Raphael's book on the Caillaux trial, quotes from THE ACADEMY Sir William Bull's criticism of the procedure at that trial.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

June 13.—A Loisy number. M. Paul Thomas notices "Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway."

June 27.—Mr. Shewans defends the "Doloneia" as being really Homeric. M. Bazile concludes a review of Lady Gregory's "Our Irish Theatre" with a curiously naïf remark about Ulster.

July 11.—M. Chuquet criticises at great length and with extreme severity M. Pouget de Saint-André's biography of Dumouriez.

July 18.—Dr. Verrall's "Lectures on Dryden," M. Roussin's "William Godwin," and M. Lambeau's history of the commune of Grenelle are among the books reviewed; the last was noticed a long while back in THE ACADEMY.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

June 13.—Unpublished letters of Beaumarchais, and one of Linguet to Mirabeau's sister, Mme. de Cabris, are to be found in this number. M. Bossert gives a sketch of Caroline Michaelis-Boehmer-Schlegel-Schelling.

June 20.—The anonymous writer on the second Balkan War shows that the *morale* of the Bulgarians had been undermined by hardships before they came to fight the Servians. Dr. P. Tissié examines the work of il Greco from a medical point of view.

June 27.—The Beaumarchais letters are concluded. M. L. Maury contributes a fine piece of criticism on M. André Gide.

July 4.—In the course of a witty and informing account of Albania, M. Fournol suggests that the best way to deal with that country would be to hand it over to the Academy of Inscriptions. M. P. Gaultier writes lucidly "de l'humeur." Letters of Marshal Vaillant and translations from Lafcadio Hearn by Marc Logé run through two numbers.

July 11.—M. J. Reinach, continuing his articles, "la France et l'Allemagne devant l'Histoire," shows how Prussia wanted to assert her right to Alsace-Lorraine in 1815. M. P. Besse complains of the neglect of steam-fuel by his countrymen. A little story from the Czech of M. Neruda is capable of producing a shudder.

July 18.—In view of present circumstances, an article of that very well-informed publicist, M. Maurice Lair, entitled "Allemagne et Russie," is of absorbing interest; he shows the paradox that exists between the *à priori* and the actual dispositions of the Russians towards the Germans, and ends by prophesying the advent of war "comme un voleur dans la nuit." M. Jules Gautier gives the history of Modern Language teaching in France. M. Mansuy writes against prize-givings and for a system of Cook's tours for the upper classes at schools.

July 25.—A chapter by M. Henri Hauser on the "Sources de l'Histoire du Règne de Henri IV" is concluded. M. du Roure writes of Mr. Stephen Leacock. A lecture of M. Maurice Vernes on the Gibeonites and the sanctuary of Gibeon is given.

"Academy" Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be 12 weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £5, £3, and £2 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Ninth of the Series)

What joy to navigate the air,
Without a trace of danger there!
With this assured, then that would be
The perfect mode of travel, free!

- (1) "Great fun!" they call it, urchins all,
Who scatter it in crowded hall.
For all inside, when this is done,
Is surely the reverse of fun.
- (2) C, D, E, F, G, H, I,
In order thus, will satisfy.
- (3) It has no wings, so why advise
That we should shoot it as it flies?
- (4) A thousand sign between them,
GRANT ceded, then deprived;
Though many lands have seen them,
But one has here arrived.
- (5) "Celui qui veut, celui-là peut."
(Who has the will, he has the skill.)
- (6) The young of sheep; a little lamb;
So name it, and content I am.
"To their store
They add the poor man's —."

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A bird, with feathers! Do you think
That you could take it for a drink?

- (1) C
T
(Say you this should be forbidden?
So disguised? the meaning hidden?)
- (2) The end bespeak
O great! O Greek!
- (3) A banging of kettles, and hootings and hisses,
A mock serenade, that one thankfully misses;
A journal satirical; that is what this is.
- (4) A method of manœuvres for
The players in a "game of war."
(1) C o v e r T
(2) O m e g A
(3) C h a r i v a r I
(4) K r i e g s p i e L

Notes:—

- (1) "C" over "t" (Covert).
- (2) The Greek "O," last letter of the Greek Alphabet.
- (4) A war game, played with metal blocks on a map, to train officers in military manœuvres.

Solutions to No. 7 ("Aerial Navies") were received from Albo, Chutney, Enos, Fin, Jorrock, Jim, Kamsin, Mancuni, Marguerite, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Pussy, Mrs. A. Rogers, Sadykins, Spider, Strum, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wiccamicus, and Wilbro.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE WAR

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

IT is an important advantage that lies with the Allies up to the present, but in contemplating this circumstance we must ever bear in mind that the great struggle has hardly begun, and that many vicissitudes and changes in fortune are bound to be experienced before the great war is brought to a close. Hostilities having once started, the object in view must be clearly defined, and thenceforth not lost sight of. In this connection we would commend to our readers the highly informative explanation of Lord Kitchener's plans which appeared in the *Times* of last Saturday from the pen of the distinguished military correspondent of that journal. The War Minister, with the unrivalled knowledge which he possesses of the military conditions existing in Europe, is making his preparations with a view to the contingency of a prolonged campaign. In any circumstances that proceeding would be eminently wise. If we realise to the full the object for which we are waging war, then we shall discern the guiding motive of Lord Kitchener in the development of his plans. For us it is not enough that the armies of Germany are defeated and brought to a standstill. We must be able to impose such terms as will not merely provide for but will actually guarantee the peace of Europe for many a long year to come. The forces of Germany then must either be decisively beaten, or the British Empire shattered in the attempt. No half-way measure such as will lead to a revival of the awful tension of the past decade will suffice. The menace of Germany preparing to revenge herself cannot hang over the nations. Therefore, if victory is truly to be ours, Germany must be so completely vanquished as to be deprived of all possibility of again becoming the destroyer of the world's peace.

The stupendous nature of the task here involved has hardly dawned upon us. Both the German army and navy, as tremendous fighting machines, are still in being. Behind the forces arrayed against France and Belgium are millions of reserves. To defeat and bring to a standstill the enemy whose front at present stretches for nearly three hundred miles will, we all hope, and most of us believe, prove an undertaking within the power of the allied forces, among whom may now be numbered the British expedition. But the smaller victories which so far have been obtained should not lead to anything in the nature of over-confidence. We have seen how much Germany herself has suffered in this respect. She has lost all the advantage of swift and successful initiative upon which so much was counted, and the elaborate plans aimed at striking a shattering blow at France before she was able to put her whole strength in the field have completely failed. As a consequence, contrary to all German prearrangements, the pending engagement will be fought under conditions highly favourable to the allied forces. It

is true that, so far, a very small part of the enemy's host has been brought into action. Nevertheless, the experience gained has been sufficient to establish several important factors in addition to the paramount consideration arising from the early dislocation of the German plan of campaign. The German artillery has proved itself to be far less effective than the French and Belgian artillery. German equipment, notably the footgear of the soldiers, does not appear to have come up to the high standard which was expected. The shortage of horses is another defect. Finally, the morale of the forces up to the present engaged is seriously at fault. Making all allowances for exaggeration, it is clear from authenticated accounts, no less than from the fact of wholesale surrenders, that the German army has sadly deteriorated since 1870.

In a vast campaign like that which Europe is witnessing to-day, where all the great nations are fighting for their existence, the stimulating effect produced upon forces composed of conscripts by early victories is incalculable. That at the outset the reputation of the Prussian soldier for invincibility should be shattered is a moral asset worth a dozen army corps to the Allies. We would be reluctant to emphasise the importance of this aspect were it not for the fact that in all parts of the field, not alone at Liège, there have been forthcoming reliable evidences in support of the assertions that are here made. The recoil of the German masses from the fortifications of Liège is comprehensible. The Japanese, whose bravery was fanatical, again and again shrank back from a similar task at Port Arthur, and in the end were compelled to tunnel their way into the citadel. The Germans had no time at their disposal for operations other than those of open attack. If their grand plan was to succeed as contemplated from the first, then it was essential that they should sweep through Belgium and reach the French frontier before their enemies could completely mobilise. Bearing that fact in mind, we must not attach too much importance to the apparent failure of their commissariat in this region; for, compelled to move lightly if they were to move quickly, it was inevitable that a serious reverse, producing chaos and delay, would find them deficient in supplies. Liège and the Belgian army, then, though confined to one area of the vast theatre, have exerted an influence upon the campaign so far-reaching as to be tantamount to a German reverse along the whole front. The superiority thus gained, however, extremely useful as it is, will be staked so soon as the great battle begins. We may congratulate ourselves in that, without this superiority, our chances of success would have been immeasurably inferior. By this process of reasoning we shall derive the exact value of the French and Belgian victories up to date. That value is no mean one. This much having been realised, we may turn to the future with calm hopes. The conditions of modern war will certainly make a demand upon our fortitude. In the engagement about to be fought, from first to last, nearly three million men will take part over a front that extends from Holland to

Switzerland. Never before, except in theory, have generals controlled human units on so enormous a scale. Doubtless many errors will be made and retrieved, and fortunes of war ebb and flow from day to day. We cannot reasonably expect that the German army will go to pieces altogether. Nor, on the other hand, does it seem possible at this stage that the Allies can be subjected to decisive defeat. It is clear that the Germans cannot undertake with certain success any extensive flanking movement to the north without infringing the neutrality of Holland. All indications go to show that we must be prepared for a long-drawn-out battle with armies facing each other in parallel lines.

Lord Kitchener, knowing that France has called out her last available man, realises the exhaustive character of the task that may be before her, and is therefore taking the wise precaution of raising in Great Britain a large army such as may one day be employed to turn the scales of victory decisively. As War Minister it is not for him to pay undue heed to conditions outside his sphere, such as are of a doubtful or problematical nature. Thus the Russian armies in the East may advance quickly upon Berlin, and in this way bring the war to a speedy termination. Of all the enemies with which Germany is beset, time is the most formidable. Then the pressure of sea power and of other circumstances disadvantageous to her, as, for example, Japan's intervention, may also hasten the end. But in making plans for the future without knowledge of the events of the future, Lord Kitchener is compelled to base his calculations upon the possibility of a long and obstinate struggle. The offensive capacity of Russia has yet to be proved. Sea power, though harassing in the extreme, is in this case not decisive. Germany is virtually a nation in arms, and, imposing upon herself frugal living, so long as she can preserve a sufficient margin of territorial integrity, will continue to contain herself. Moreover, once the war is removed to German territory and becomes defensive in the eyes of the German people, then the morale of the troops will undergo a test to which they have not yet been subjected.

MOTORING

IT is impossible to overestimate the importance of the rôle played by the motor-car in the initial operations of the European war. Everybody admits that the splendid resistance put up by the Belgians against the German advance has completely upset the calculations of Berlin, and in all probability exercised a profound and vital influence upon the duration, if not upon the ultimate issue, of the conflict; but not everybody realises how much the automobile has had to do with the discomfiture of the German tactics. With the exception of this country, Belgium has probably a greater number of private motor-cars in proportion to its population than any other country in the world, and practically every one of these was requisitioned for

military purposes just before the war—in time to enable the plucky little nation to concentrate its strength at Liège and effectually check the sudden German advance.

It is certain that but for the mobility and rapidity of transport afforded by the thousands of commandeered automobiles the passage of the German hordes through Belgium, and the consequent invasion of French territory, would have been a comparatively easy matter. In this matter of mobility, which is admitted to be the essence of successful modern warfare, we are even more fortunately situated than the Belgians. We have far more cars than any other country in Europe, and, with our splendid road system and excellent motoring organisations, it is difficult to see how any effective invasion could be carried out at any point on the coast, even if our Navy should by any possibility fail us. As *The Motor* remarks, the invaders could not carry many cars, for the simple reason that they do not possess them, the Germans being notoriously ill-equipped with private motor vehicles in proportion to the size and population of Germany, and in comparison with Great Britain and her Allies. Assuming that the invaders succeeded in landing on our shores, and proceeded beyond the protection of their fleet's guns, our mobile forces could "make rings" round them, and check and harry them even more effectually than the Belgians have done at Liège.

In the House of Commons last week the question of private motor-cars for military service was raised, and some surprise was expressed that all the offers of vehicles from private motorists had not up to the present been accepted. Mr. Joynson-Hicks pointed out that the War Office had received an offer from the Automobile Association to form a corps of 10,000 cars for service abroad, with the Home Army, or for peace purposes, and this offer did not appear to have been officially accepted. In reply, Mr. Tennant said that this, as well as many other patriotic offers, was under consideration by Lord Kitchener and the Army Council, but it would be premature to say anything about them except to record the thanks of the War Office to those who have responded with offers of help. The position seems to be that the authorities are requisitioning cars at present only in those districts where they are specially required, and all those motorists who have offered their vehicles may rest assured that they will be called upon in due course should occasion require.

Among the firms in the motoring or allied industries who deserve special mention for the patriotic spirit they are displaying during the present crisis are the North British Rubber Company, Ltd., of whose staff some 400 have joined the colours. The company has undertaken to care for the wives and children of the married portion of these. The Goodyear Tyre Company (Great Britain), Ltd., announce that the positions of those members of the staff who have volunteered will be kept open for them and their wives and children provided for. The remaining members of the staff are being retained on full pay. The Anglo-American Oil

Company, proprietors of Pratt's motor spirit, have decided to give all Territorials and Reservists in the employ of the company who are called to the colours full pay for the first month, and half pay after that period until further notice, and they have also decided to pay all other members of their staff who join the Army, Navy, or Territorial forces, on the same basis. In addition to this, the firm will keep open the men's positions until the cessation of hostilities. Messrs. Delaunay-Belleville are also keeping open the positions of members of their staff who are Reservists in the Army or Navy. These are only a few of the instances in which prominent motor firms have risen to the occasion, in spite of the serious dislocation of their ordinary businesses.

In the Temple of Mammon

THE event of the week has been the announcement made by the Bank of England that they would buy good bills "without recourse." The Bank has been guaranteed against loss. Naturally such a transaction means a huge profit for the Bank, and holders of Bank stock will not complain. But the whole proceeding does not meet with the approval of those best qualified to judge. It was a gallant if unwise attempt to restart the money market and exchange market. As far as I can gather it has not succeeded. The Bank has been flooded with paper. No one could have expected anything else. The offer was not only unprecedented, it was so generous that it was almost incredible that any sane Government should have thought of such a manœuvre. And it is perfectly impossible for the Bank to continue business upon the lines laid down. We do not know yet how many millions have been bought. But we do know that to continue buying indefinitely would soon double the National Debt.

It is rumoured that the Lord Chief Justice is one of the financial advisors. His career upon the Stock Exchange would not strike most people as a qualification. Sir George Paish, lately one of the editors of the *Statist*, has been officially announced as a financial advisor. As the *Statist* has been notoriously optimistic over such scandals as 'Frisco Rails, Southern Alberta Lands and such-like enterprises, Sir George Paish does not appeal to me as the soundest critic to take guidance from. Mr. Lloyd George admittedly knows little or nothing about finance. He must rely upon those around him. They have up to now led him into numberless quagmires.

The Stock Exchange remains closed and will continue closed as far as I can see until the end of the war. Even then I do not know how the place can reopen unless the temper of the Committee alters considerably. A dozen or more of the largest firms declare that they will hammer themselves if any attempt is made to reopen. Remember that there is a vast difference between being hammered and hammering oneself. If a firm is hammered the stocks are sold at best in the open market. If a firm hammers itself it gets rid of its liabilities on much more favourable terms and others have to shoulder the burden whether they like it or not. Really no one should be allowed to hammer themselves in these days, and probably the Committee will pass a rule prohibiting it. There are many hundreds of members who are perfectly solvent. It is not fair to shut up the House to please a few dozen big firms who are insolvent. There are

many important firms who have lent money upon stocks acting for banks. These firms are held by law to be principals. That they are merely brokers everybody knows, and such firms should not be hammered. The loss if any should be borne by the banks who are the real lenders of the money.

I confess that the whole position is extremely complicated and dangerous to the last degree. The continued closing of the House must prevent, indeed has already prevented, dozens of companies from paying dividends. The Wernher Beit group has now decided to pay. But there are many less honourable who either won't or can't pay. The non-payment of dividends spells disaster to a large body of saving people who have retired upon their savings. They will have little or nothing to live upon.

The position of the insurance companies is most awkward. They have a large income from their investments and a large income from their premiums. Both sources of income will be seriously affected. Whether the really strong companies will find a difficulty in paying claims and annuities depends very much upon whether the banks care to make advances upon the vast wealth of the great companies. At the moment the banks are playing a selfish game. They will probably be compelled to change their policy. I am much afraid that some of the weaker insurance companies will go to the wall.

It is very pitiable to see such widespread distress and to feel certain that it must increase as the war goes on. It is still more pitiable to think that the financial panic could have been almost entirely averted had the Government had the courage to issue a paper currency secured upon Trustee stocks up to 50 per cent. of their value. Such currency should not have been convertible into gold but it should have been guaranteed by the Government. The whole of Great Britain, banks, discount houses, stock-brokers and industrial companies have invested in those stocks and borrowed upon them. What is necessary today is that such wealth should be mobilised; the Stock Exchange is closed, it cannot therefore pass from hand to hand by the usual method of transfer. But once it is converted into paper the wealth is useable for all purposes.

I am quite unable to see how the Government will be able to raise money for war purposes as long as the present crisis lasts. It will attempt to borrow on Exchequer Bills, an expensive method, and one which puts it completely into the hands of the great banks. These banks now refuse to cash large cheques unless needed for wages. How will they provide the hundreds of millions required for the war? They certainly have not got the money in the till. They cannot raise it in France or Russia. Possibly some of the money could be obtained from the United States, but we may easily find ourselves at war with that country if Japan loses her head and attacks German possessions in the Pacific. English people do not realise the very strong feeling that exists against Japan, not only in the States, but also in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Our alliance with the Yellow race may cost us dear. How dear no one knows.

The Guinness figures are excellent, but the board wisely declines to divide up to the hilt. The Workington Iron and Steel have also had a good year, but here also the dividend is kept down. The Hawthorn Leslie firm have done well, but cut the dividend. We must expect this, and investors should realise that their incomes from investments will probably be halved in 1914-1915.

War is a terrible calamity. It raises the cost of living and lowers the power to pay. It puts humanity between the upper and the nether millstones.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HIGH BANK RATE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The difficulties of this country to-day are considerably aggravated by the high Bank Rate. The increase in the Bank Rate was necessitated chiefly by the decline in the gold reserves of the banks, a decline that was again largely due to withdrawals for export abroad.

It is possible to avoid the necessity for so high a Bank Rate by permitting the Bank of England and all other banks to raise the paper price of gold in order to stave off the demand for the metal. This can easily be done by making the new £1 and 10s. notes shortly to be issued redeemable in gold at the market value of the metal—a weight of gold that will vary with the bullion market fluctuations. This act will dispel the fear of a sudden withdrawal of the banks' gold reserves, and remove the necessity for hindering the internal commerce of this country by so high a Bank Rate.

We have the experience of the Napoleonic wars to guide us. It is admitted by most economists that the Bank Restriction Act of 1797 entirely absolving the Bank of England from redeeming its notes in gold, conveyed undoubted benefits upon this country by supporting the fabric of home credit during the long years of the war. Production and exchange of goods at home were thus enabled to proceed with comparative smoothness; this circumstance contributing in no small degree to the obstinacy of Britain's resistance to Napoleon and her rapid recovery after the war. To refuse gold altogether to-day might conceivably cause hardship in certain cases; a better course would undoubtedly be to permit the paper price of gold to fluctuate according to demand and supply of bullion. Any bank that raises its price for gold above the market rate will be dealt with according as its customers judge the higher price either to be warranted by the outlook, or to be due to the unwise conduct of the bank. This measure will protect the gold of the banks and enable them to effect the country's internal exchange of goods with far more confidence than is at present possible. If any persons want gold rather than paper in our present trouble, it is but just that they should pay the market price for the metal. There should be no talk of depreciated paper in the circumstances—it would simply mean that the available stock of gold had diminished and consequently the price of bullion had increased.

We have a huge population dependent upon the due exchange of goods at home. The stoppage of home exchange is likely to bring us to our knees sooner than the guns of stronger enemies than we are faced with to-day, and it is advisable to adopt all possible measures to support and facilitate home credit. Foremost among these, I think, is the reduction of the Bank Rate by the measure above suggested. I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

HENRY MEULEN

(Hon. Sec. Banking and Currency Reform League.)

August 6, 1914.

[We print this letter, because we think it has value, but the course of events which march so rapidly has met the main points to some extent.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE WAR: A LETTER FROM LE TOUQUET.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—General mobilisation began on Sunday and to-day (Monday) France is in a "state of siege." The change at Le Touquet has been so sudden and so dramatic that an account of it cannot fail to interest readers at home. In spite of rumours all went on much as usual until Satur-

day afternoon, when the order for mobilisation was placarded at the Mairie and in other prominent places. At once everything stopped, as if by magic. The band in the casino played our National Anthem, followed by the Marseillaise, which was sung with enthusiasm by those who were present; then the members of the band packed up their instruments and left, the croupiers walked off carrying their *palettes* under their arms; the casino was closed; the tennis courts opposite were closed; the well-dressed people all disappeared. From every hotel motors loaded with luggage streamed along the road to Etaples, and visitors, English and American, made for Boulogne at the earliest possible moment; those who were obliged to wait until next day envying those who could get away before.

All Sunday the *saute qui peut* continued, fabulous prices being paid for motors to carry luggage to the station. By Monday afternoon it was impossible to leave France in the ordinary way, and every foreigner had to register his name at the Mairie before six o'clock and get a permit to stop in France or a passport to allow him to leave the country, if he could.

The atmosphere on Saturday and Sunday was depressing in the extreme: people seemed silenced and weighed down by an unparalleled calamity; the gloom was funereal. In this hotel the cooks and almost all the waiters left on Sunday in obedience to the order to mobilise. One saw a gang of Belgian workmen engaged upon the front at Paris Plage march past in their blue smocks, with their bundles in their hands and their spades over their shoulders, returning to Belgium as soon as possible.

All newspapers stopped: all day a small crowd read, almost in silence, the news-sheets pasted up in the news-shop, containing the intelligence that Germany had declared war upon Russia, and was already invading Luxembourg. The scene in front of the Mairie was an object-lesson in foreign methods. A crowd of two hundred or more of all nationalities waited to be registered. They had to squeeze in, four or five at a time, through one small gate kept by a perspiring *sergent de ville*.

"And those behind cried forward,

And those before cried back."

Some waited hours before they could get through, and the crush for the ladies was terrible, though the crowd was most good-tempered. It was afternoon before another way out was found for those who had been registered, and up to that time the ordeal of returning was only less than the ordeal of getting inside. Then the catechism! "What was your mother's name?" "Where were you born?" "As to the future, we have no information." "Will you be able to leave the country? Perhaps! But you will be obliged to get a passport, and that will take three days." "We cannot tell you anything more. Next please!"

The prospect for those who remain in France is far from pleasing. In a few days there will be no men left between the ages of 18 and 48, for all will have been mobilised: no automobiles, for all will have been commandeered; no trains, for all will be wanted to convey troops. Will the steamers continue to ply between Boulogne and Folkestone? Nobody knows; the future is quite uncertain; *on ne sait rien*.

Such is the beginning of war. Yours, etc.,

Hotel Regina, Pas-de-Calais, Aug. 3.

P. M. W.

A CAREER FOR LADIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Just at the moment, when several English ladies have been making a tour in America to demonstrate many of the English styles of gardening, it may be of interest to your readers to hear what good openings there are in

the gardening profession for those who wish to take it up as a livelihood or to learn sufficiently our English methods, so as to adapt them to American climatic influences. It would seem to be essentially a profession for women, as good taste, tact, and judgment are most necessary adjuncts for those who control and direct the working man. We most certainly cannot do without him, but gardening is now so studied by the upper classes and so much skill is needed both in the growth of plants and in general management of routine work, that it has reached a stage when highly educated "heads" are wanted. It is for these posts that ladies are so especially well fitted. The daughters of Army and Navy men, the daughters of country squires, and many others are the ones, who, having usually had an upbringing of discipline and orderliness, are likely to be fitted to direct. I speak with some feeling, as being myself the daughter of a naval officer, and having to earn my living, I chose that of gardening after paying a visit to Lady Wolseley at Glynde, and I never have regretted it since. My wish is to make known to all who are influential as regards directing the career of women, that there are openings that bring in from £70 to £160 per annum, with a cottage and extras in many cases attached. The life at the college is a gloriously happy one, but afterwards when one settles to the solid, daily evenness of an everyday bread-earning profession it is a wide and intensely interesting career. To those who wish to know more on the subject, I shall be glad to send all information upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

ELSA R. MORE,

Manager of Viscountess Wolseley's
College of Gardening.

Glynde, nr. Lewes, Sussex.

THE WAR AND THEATRICAL TOURS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the exceptional circumstances may I beg the hospitality of your columns.

When the appalling news of the war burst on us, naturally our first impulse was to cancel our tour, or at least the first portion of it. On reflection, however, the thought of over 100 artists being thrown out of work to their great distress, and the distress of those dependent on them, and the great difficulty of getting fresh engagements just at present, made us reconsider the matter, and we decided to make a start in the ordinary manner.

The expenses of an Opera Company are, however, so very great that it would be impossible to continue if business is very bad for long. Would you permit me to state that we are at the Coronet Theatre, September 7, Kennington, September 14, Marlborough, September 21, and I would be most grateful if those members of the public who intend to be present would notify their intention to the respective theatres or myself. We could then get an inkling as to what would be our fate.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company might almost be called a National Institution. It has been in existence forty-three years, and is the oldest theatrical enterprise in Great Britain, besides being the oldest English Opera Company in the world. It has introduced hundreds of great operas and singers to the British public, and I am sure that hundreds and thousands of Britishers all over the world would much regret if it was forced to suspend its operations.

I have just heard that another Opera Company has cancelled its tour, thus adding to the unemployed.

Apologising for intruding upon you at this time, I am,
Sir, Yours very truly, WALTER VAN NOORDEN,
Managing Director.

THANKS TO THE BOY SCOUTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—At a moment when the Boy Scouts Association has received official recognition from the Government I hope you will be good enough to allow me publicly to express the thanks of the Children's Country Holidays Fund to the Boy Scouts Association for the most useful services which its members rendered to us on Thursday last.

On that day some 25,000 children were returning to London, after enjoying a fortnight's holiday in different parts of the country under the auspices of the Fund. The outbreak of war had not only dislocated all our railway arrangements, but had considerably upset the arrangements we had made for meeting the children. Realising that it might be impossible for many of our regular workers to be back in London in time to meet the children and convey them home, I went to the Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association on Tuesday afternoon and asked for the help of 100 Scouts to be distributed among the various London Termini, and to act under the instructions of the Central representative of the C.C.H.F. at each station.

In spite of the extremely short notice, and the fact that many London Scouts were away at camp, I was readily promised the help I required. On Thursday, at every London terminus, a patrol of Scouts was on duty as requested. I had eight of them myself at Liverpool Street and can personally testify to the quick way in which they picked up the general idea of their duties (which was by no means simple), and to the capable manner in which they carried them out. Our representatives at the other stations also spoke highly of their conduct, and were obviously much relieved by their help. My Committee feel that the Scouts who turned out on Thursday had responded in precisely the proper spirit to the Chief's order that all Troops should report themselves for urgent civic duty, and they desire their appreciation of the boys' conduct to be publicly recorded. Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY MARCHAND,
Secretary.

Children's Country Holiday Fund,
18, Buckingham Street, W.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Garden of Girls, or Famous Schoolgirls of Former Days. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. (Longmans and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Rambles in Thought Land. By Oliver Bainbridge. (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

Le Palais de Darius Ier à Suse, Ve Siècle avant Jésus Christ. By M. L. Pillet. Illustrated. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 5 frs.)

En Tribu. By Edmond Doulté. Illustrated. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 25 frs.)

PERIODICALS.

St. George's Magazine; London University Gazette; Book-seller; Literary Digest; Publishers' Circular; United Empire; Atlantic Monthly.